### THE RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS

REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNALIST. BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

THE DAYS OF THE KANSAS BILL.

A SENSITIVE STATESMAN-DE, NATHAN LOED AND
HIS SCHOOL-AN APOLOGY FOR PRO-SLAVERY CLERGYMEN-FIRST VISIT TO WASHINGTON-FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SLAVERY-A GREEK LET-TER ANNIVERSARY-AUGUSTUS CÆSAR DODGE-STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS-THOMAS D. ELIOT-PRO-PESSOR HENRY I am not quite ready to close these papers,

but among my readers there seems to have been an impression that the title of my twentieth instalment, "The Last Tribune Chapter," implied the last of the "Reminiscences." Half a score of people have been good enough to write to say that they are sorry; two or three newspapers have spoken handsomely apropes of the finale; and, really, for several days I have had a sensation of reading my own obituary. I hope that the wish was not father to the thought, and that nobody has felt that the veteran was lagging superfluous on the stage. But if any one has been bored, I hasten to assure him with the addition of my most distinguished consideration, that he may indulge in a prospect

of speedy relief. We are all sure to come to

"Requiescat in pace" at last.

I had been writing about Washington all my
life, sticking large pins into distinguished
people who sometimes howled at the infliction
in a somewhat undersified way, and somewhat undersified way. people who sometimes bowled at the infliction in a somewhat undignified way, and sometimes, for which I respected them, took no notice of the surgical sorrow. I do not much like public men who whine. Here is a yellow letter which I have taken from its pigeon-hole, in which the writer who was in his day a very distinguished man, and a Senator of the United States, as well as a Governor of one of them, assures me that he is much obliged to me for defending him, as I now see clearly that I had no right to do. He had made an awful blunder at a most critical time: he had not voted, in fact he was do. He had made an awful blunder at a most critical time; he had not voted, in fact he was not in his place, when he should have been in his place and should have voted; for during his

absence one of the most momentous questions was put to which the Senate of the United States was ever called to respond. He was so distinguished that I do not dare to mention his name. distinguished that I do not date to mention his name. It was evident that he wrote in a most melancholy frame of mind. Why should he have thanked me in rather an abiect way, for merely doing what I supposed at the time was an act of simple justice? He said that he had few frieads left; that nobody ever spoke well of him, which was not precisely true; that his health was far from good; that he was absent from the Sequet at the great moment for excelor him, when was not precisely that he was absent from the Senate at the great moment for excellent reasons—sanitary, I think they were; and that—but never mind the rest! Why should public men write such letters to gentlemen of the press? Why should God, in his infinite wisdom, have given them a spinal column if they are never to use it? Politics at the time of which I am writing were in a much simpler state than at present. The great heart of the land was putting categorical questions to its servants; there was but little need of asking them more than whether they were upon the side of Freedom or Slavery. Ah! what a beautiful issue that was! What a chance there was for putting great people into a corner! Sometimes, when I am thinking to myself how neatly it was possible to pin the doughface and to times, when I am thinking to myseif how neatly it was possible to pin the doughface and to throw the trimmer into a perfect statter of explanations, I burst into a great guffaw, and find nothing in Rabelans, nothing in Swift, more amusing. It is all over now; the country will have no such question again before it in my time; men's souls are not tried in that way in every generation; and even now I feel a sort of sympathy for my friend, the Senator of whom I have just spoken. When one wants to be President as he did, it is so hard to act as if one were not demoralized by the feverish hunger; though why any body should want to be President is more, very much more, than I know. Are there not other ways of getting our names indelibly inscribed upon the ledgers of Fame? But enough of this digression!

tion of listening to the oration which was de-livered by Mr. George William Curtis. This was the second time in which I had followed him with a poem—the other being when I read some verses before the Mercantile Library Assome verses before the Mercanthe Library As-sociation in Boston. But I deviate still from my straightforward way, for the sake of men-tioning the entire kindness and old-fashioned courtesy with which I was received by Dr. Nathan Lord, the President of the College, and by his charming family. Nothing has aston-ished me more, in my newspaper career, than by his charming family. Nothing has astonished me more, in my newspaper career, than the facility with which men forgive the caustic things which newspapers print of them. Dr. Lord had no sort of scruple about saying that he believed human slavery to be a divine institution. He published a little pamphlet in which he adopted the Socratic method, and asked the philanthropists a great number of hard questions. Whoever supposes that they were easy to answer upon the side of emancipation, has probably never read this tough little brochure. When your logic is in your heart, and when your love of humanity is bound and hampered and limited by constitutional obligations, the Dr. Lords with their teazing little interrogatories always have you at a disadvantage. I do tories always have you at a disadvantage. I do not mind saying that of all the Doctors of Divinity by me encountered in that memorable struggle, this Doctor was the least easily handled. So, thinking all fair in war, I had recourse to ridicule, and in the light tilting, it is not saying much to aver that I, who knew less than the Doctor had forgotten, had a little the best of the battle. It is so easy to make havoe of a most respectable person's choicest respect-abilities. And when the Doctor, beaming mildly abilities. And when the Doctor, beaming mindy through his spectacles, treated me as it I had not an hour before been rib-roasting him (as I thought) in the most withering decasyllables, I began to suspect that he was of a peculiarly forgiving disposition, unless, indeed, I was a very feeble satirist. It is a pleasure to me to pay this tribute to a clergyman of the old very leepie satirist. It is a pleasure to me to pay this tribute to a cleigyman of the old school, who was strong and solid and consistent in his error, and who could do something more than gabble over and over again the misused formula, "Cursed be Canana," or the apology for the "sum of all villanies," that it made his victims happy and religious. The best way to for the "sum of all villanies," that it made its victims happy and religious. The best way to handle a bull is to take him by the horns. Or. Lord was all wrong, but he was manfully wrong. Liberals may say what they I lease about the old orthodox theology, but at any rate it made men speak their mind, and gave them a mind to speak.

I have been looking over the new book of my friend, Mr. Oliver Johnson, a valuable work about Garrison and His Times. Mr. Johnson undoubtedly does show that during the long undoubtedly does show that during the long crusade against slavery a great many clergymen gave evidence that they were at least mistaken in their views of the Abolition agitation. But I confess that as I get older, I am inclined to be more and more charitable. I think now that I did not myself sufficiently take into consideration the peculiar position of many ministers of the gospel during that momentous struggle. To a man who thought the church of no importance, considered as a mere human organization, the way was easy. To a controversialist tion, the way was easy. To a controversialist with simply humanitarian views of Christianity, it made no difference whether these great ecclesiastical bodies maintained their existence it made no difference whether these great ecclesiastical bodies maintained their existence or not. But Presbyterians, Methodists, Episcopalians, even Unitarians, had special ideas of the process by which souls were to be regenerated, and of the machinery by which the world was to be Christianized. It was not much for a man like pyself, attached to no church and with the projector to a reach of the sharple estimate. man like pyself, attached to no church and with no religion to speak of, to sharply criticise, for instance, the Rev. Dr. Adams, or the Rev. Dr. Lord. I have not so much charity for Mr. Rufus Choate, Dr. Adams's most distinguished par-ishioner. The eloquent lawyer had no congregation to conserve, and no reverend professional bias, if I may use such a purase. A great many elergymen think religious matters to be things quite apart from politics and public things quite apart from politics and public affairs; and perhaps I should if I were a Doctor of Divinity, as I certainly am not. It is

hard to say exactly what I mean without appearing to surrender opinions which I have never dreamed of abandoning; but as history never dreamed of abandoning; but as history should be written with scrupulous exactness, I want the future chronicler of the great controversy to remember that it was the church members somewhat more than the church pastors who were to blame. The former at least knew here. I am not sure that the pastors always who were to blame. The former at least knew better. I am not sure that the pastors always did. I reached honestly this concinsion once while talking with the Rev. Dr. —, of Boston. He was an excellent specimen of his class. He came into my office and was so friendly and brotherly and withal exhibited such a natural incapacity for grasping the situation that all my wrath vanished, and I was really sorry for some perfectly true things which I had said of one of his most conservative Thanksgiving semons. The great blunder was in assuming that the pulpit had nothing to do with slavery. It was a mortal mistake, if only considered logically. pit had nothing to do with slavery. It was a mertal mistake, if only considered logically. But let us forgive if we cannot forget! It is not an agreeable subject and we will travel back from New-Hampshire to Washington as fast as

I had thought and read and talked and written so much about slavery, that as we rode into the region of human bondage, I was quite upon the qui rive to discover indications of its existence and influence. The first exhibition which I had of it was at a station in Delaware, upon the steps of which seven or eight veritable chattels were sitting upon the steps, all rags and laziness, intensitying the delight of doing nothing else by masticating tobacco. Soon afterwards I saw another of my sable friends, in whose behalf I had worn out many pens and spoiled much paper, coming out of a wood seated upon the back of the single ox which drew his cart. But I did not fully comphrehend the laziness and the utter shiftlessness of the patriarchal system until I got into my hotel in Washington, and wanted a fire. I am afraid to say how many children of Canaan struggled and labored and fetched and carried before we arrived at a comfortable combustion. First, one headman came up and cleared out the grate; I had thought and read and talked and writbored and fetched and carried before we arrived at a comfortable combustion. First, one bondman came up and cleared out the grate; then another brought the necessary kindlingwood, but forgot the shavings; then arrived the coal in charge of a third assistant; and then a bondwoman appeared and made the fire! It did not seem to me that one of these co-laborers had the least idea of what he or she was doing. A sharp New-York porter would have had the fire blazing beautifully in five minutes, and the room too hot for endurance in ten. I made a memorandum in my diary that the only cruelty which I had observed in Washington was that which I had myself experienced; and made a memorandum in my darry that the only cruelty which I had observed in Washington was that which I had myself experienced; and I took good care not to let the fire go out during my stay, having a decided apprehension that once extinguished it would be found utterly impossible to rekindle it.

We had the exercises before the Delta-

We had the exercises before the Delta-Kappa-Epsi-lonians the next evening, and I have a vague recollection of being seized by the right arm as if I had been blind, like Homer, and so led helplessly forward by the Hon. Augustus Cæsar Dodge, who was only a Senator notwithstanding his imperial name. He introduced me to the audience, which I was told included a good many Members of Congress I learned this afterward. I was kindly spared the depressing information beforehand. Otherwise, Heaven only knows how I should have got on. The boys kicked up a great dust in applauding my verses; but what I liked most was that the Massachusetts members who were present made it a point of local honor and State esprit to be perfectly delighted and to roar with laughter at all the principal funny passages. Those were days in which we were just beginning to feel that we were somebody and could produce men as well as ice and granite. One of our members particularly distinguished himself by his obstreperous hilarity and afterward, when there was a "reception" at the hotel, he continued to break out at intervals and in an unexpected way, besides going about and tolling everyone who was not present at the hoter, he continued to break out at intervals and in an unexpected way, besides going about and telling everyone who was not present how much they had missed. The banquet came afterwards.

It was at this festive board that I first saw a

it; but I cannot help thinking of what infinite value this remarkable man might have been to the cause of liberty, if the future of politics had made him a leader of it. What a magnificent battle he fought in the Senate for a most mismade him a leader of it. What a magnificent battle he fought in the Senate for a most muschievous! measure, is well known; how he succeeded for a time in turning the policy of the Government from the normal to the noxious, it would be superfluous to narrate; and how, after all, the spirit of the century and the power of eternal truth and justice were too much for this doughty but disappointed soldier of slavery. He was like a game-cock. Upon any allusion which he did not like, he was ready for the affray. I saw something of this at our banquet. Mr. Eliot, a Member of the House from Massachusetts, was one of our speakers, and being an anti-slavery man through and through, with views of the Kansas-Nebraska bill which were quite unmistakable, made some reference to it which was, of course, perfectly good-natured, but quite enough to provoke a strong refort from Mr. Douglas. This also was tempered, I admir, by the propricties of the occasion, but it was couched in very decided language and laid down with the air of one unaccustomed to positive contradiction. The "Little Giant" seemed to say to the representative: "Ah! my friend, if I with the air of one unaccustomer of postave contradiction. The "Little Giant" seemed to say to the representative: "Ah! my friend, if I only had you in my own stronghold, the Senate Chamber, wouldn't I crunch you!" Not that Mr. Eliot was in the least dismayed; the man who used to bring in bills at all decent intervals for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law was not likely to be frightened even by the Giant's "Fee-faw-fum"; this small passage-at-arms came to a pacific conclusion; and the least went on until the larger of the small hours, with much singing of college songs, and many ebulitions of college wit, until it was quite fit and proper that everybody should go to bed.

I do not know that the character of Congress, in its superficial aspects, has much changed since the time of which I am writing. Accustomed to the perfect decorum and methodical ways of smaller legislative bodies. I did not

since the time of which an withing. Actually tomed to the perfect decorain and methodical ways of smaller legislative bodies, I did not relish either the airs or manners of the House which was too large then for dignity, whatever it may now be. After a little while I was glad to go into the screner atmosphere of the Smithsonian Institute and to present a lexter of introduction to Professor House with which I had duction to Professor Henry with which I had been favored. In conversation with that learned and amiable man, during which he was learned and annable man, during which he was good enough to consider my scientific ignor-ance, and to talk about things which I could a little understand, I forgot the turmoil and rest-lessness of the National Legislature, as well as the peculiarities of a city which had not then attained its present height of elegance and re-tinement. Soon I was glad to set my face to finement. Soon I was glad to set my face to the North, to return to my daily toil, and to say the North, to return to my daily toil, and to say what I thought, uninfluenced by lobbies, and breathing an air somewhat less contaminated by ambition and intrigue. There was a flerce party spirit then, which has since much abated; and whether we have grown better or only more indifferent I shall not stop to consider. How many who were then full of life and energy have departed! How many who were then famous have been forgotten! The great man in the White House; the great man in the Senate; many great men in the House of Representatives have ceased to be great, or have sentatives have ceased to be great, or have ceased to be at all. Yet this Republic still lives by sheer force of its innate political virtue, which neither partisan nor civil war has been able to destroy. May it live forever!

# A CANTINIERE OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

From The Globe. From The Globe.

Paris still possesses in the person of a Mme. Fetter a notable relic of the old Empire. Although at the advanced age of ninety-three, and living on the fourth floor of a house in the Rue des Martyrs, she enjoys good health, and is still able to contribute to her own livelihood by needlework. Unfortunately, her memory is somewhat defective; otherwise what interesting details might we not expect from one who had been present at the battles, among others.

of Leipzig, Dresden and Austerlitz, not to mention the Russian campaign and the disastrous retreat from Moscow! The old heroine has survived all her twelve children except one, whose daughter has recently received the second prize for the piano from the Paris Conservatoire.

It is sad to think that with such a stirring past the old cantinier is only in receipt of a miserably small pension. In 1820 Marshal Sebastiani obtained for her an allowance from the State of sixty francs a year! In 1868 she wrote to Marshal Niel reminding him that she had known him at Metz as a child and had nursed him on her knee. Her pension was then increased to 100 francs, at which sum it still remains. A curious but sad incident occurred on her drawing her first yearly pension at the increased rate. Poor Widow Fetter had her pocket picked of the whole amount when returning home in an omnibus.

## A PEN PORTRAIT OF ME. TILDEN.

"Gath" in The Cincumuti Enquirer.

Te-day I saw Samuel J. Tilden on Wall-st. I can, therefore, give you an unqualified description of what he looks like. I was standing on the corner of the street opposite the Sub-Trassury, when I saw the old man coming down from Broadway, and said to a friend of mine: "Hold on, and I will show you the greatest living curiosity."

While we were gathering ourselves up so as to lose no feature of this "What is it," we saw other people who had also espied him getting around in a favorable light to take the old man in. While we all had our mental glasses turned on him, it pleased some loafer to stop Tildon and Jeommunicate with him, probably in order to tell the tale to his children. We therefore observed that Mr. Tilden was remarkably well dressed. He had on a dark brown Spring overceat, a high silk hat, cloth clothes, and neat polished shoes. He walked, as invariably, with his toes turned in when that small and slight-built worthy exercised the ruling passion of sticking up his mouth in the loafer's car and telling him, with a great appearance of confidentiality, something. The loafer did not seem to be surprised or lastructed.

Tilden had a cheerful countenance. The tint of his skin was clearly steel-blue, as if his stomach was working right. His left eyelid was dropped on his cheek, as if that eye was out, but it did not appear to give him the least trouble. It looked as if he was in the habit of shutting one eye in order to get the best attainable sight with the other one. His left arm appeared to be sewed up in the sleeve of his Spring overcoat, because we could see no hand nor any appearance of demonstration on that side. The coatsleeve was knotted up, too, as if it was not expected to open for any arm. The old man's countenance, while talking to the loafer, was bright, but mysterrous, He is expected to be in the mood for talk, and did all the talking. When he shook the loafer and came on down Wall-st., and turned up Nassau, there were perhaps one hundred persons taking him

The leaves are growing raidy as the sun begins to dip.
The birds are fwitt'ring forth their even song;
Little Lucy sits expectant with her finger at her

lip,--What makes her sister Alice stay so long? What makes her sister Alice stay so long?
There are butterlies and dragon-libes all ready to be chased.
There are dassy-chains to weave, there are black-berries to faste;
Why not play about the meadows for a while?
Why linker, linger, linger at the stile?

Impatient little Lucy is a simple-writed mite.—
Her sweethearr days are future joys, 'tis clear;
Why should Harry keep his arm around her sister's

why should flarry keep his arm around her sister's
wast so tight?
Why make her blush by whisp'ring in her ear?
The san will seon be setting—Lacy does not love
the dark;
She does not love the silent bats that flit across the

park; Since he met her, Alice might have walked a mile-

Since he nict her, Alice might have walked a neile—Why linger, linger at the stile?
This dialogue, small Lucy, which seems tedious as you tarry,
To Alice is a rather serious thing:
For it means that she and Harry have this evening yowed to marry;
It means a cake, here well and wedding-ring.
And when a little brides, and, uncommonly like you,
Comes into church so trippingly all dress d in winte and blue.
You'll discover, as you reach the middle aisle.
Why they linger'd, linger'd, linger'd at the stile.
A. LOCKER.

along the coasts, we saw every hill and dale and every island full of gay woods and high trees. The nearer we came to the shoare the mere flowers in abundance, sometymes scattered abroad, sometymes joyned in sheets 9 or 10 yards long, which we supposed to be brought from the low meadowes by the tyde. Now, what with fine woods and green trees by land, and these yellow flowers payating the sca, made us all desirous to see our new paradise of New-England, whence we saw such forerunning signals of lertilitie afarre off." The chroniclers of the early days of New-England were, as a rule, too matter-offact to give attention to the æstletic aspects of nature, but through the writings of Francis Higginson are constantly found such passages as the one quoted, showing a delicate sensitiveness and a keen delight in the beauty abounding on every side. He was the anthor of the epigrammatic sentence: "A sup of New-England's ale."

These things are bere ailuded to because they belong to a marked instance of the inheritance of literary traits, Francis Higginson being the first ancestor in America of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, one of the truest living artists in words and closest observers of natural beauties; adorning fine thoughts with the grace given by a thorough command of the technical resources of the language. John Higginson, the sen of Francis, who succeed his father in the Salem ministry, and lived to the age of interty-five years, was also an aution, as was also Stephen Higginson, Colonel Higginson's grandfather, who was a member of the Continental Congress, and who so bitterly assailed John Hancock in his "Laco" letters, famous at the time they were written.

were written.

THE SOCIABLE SCORPION.

From "Desert Life," by R. Solyoma.

As during three or four months they always haunted our tents, so they did our thoughts. Their bodies were as broad? and almost as full as a finger; their fangs as broad and plump as those of small crawfishes. With these in the sequare position of a weevil's feelers, they usually measured, with their snake of a tail, from three to five inches. One brought home was pronounced to be equal to the largest ever preserved in museums or perpetuated on zo-ological plates. They tound out almost every camp, and we found them usually when starting in the morning, under the packages, saddles, and tent carpets. One was detected by a colleague in a pocket. Another stung the same man before lunch in his tent. It is curious that this should have been the same man before lunch in his tent. It is curious that this should have been the same man who received the visit from a viper. One was caught during almeal on the back of a chair, crawling toward the sitter's neck, while he was just scanning the ground to see whether any were about. My servant more than once turned them out of my bed, usually a little before I turned in, but once at least from under my pillow immediately after I had risen. Often, no doubt, they were removed without people saying much about it, as bad cases during epidemics are usually concealed by the offleers.

The nuisance was not quite so bad, or good, however, as to make us desperately face the foe and try to have done with it, by repeatedly allowing ourselves to be stung on purpose, as a sort of inoculation, said to steel the frame against the pangs from any subsequent accidents. A special short pair of tongs, however, was at these times always with my ready servant, and he used grimly to exhibit to us with a grin, while we were at table, any remarkable specimen which he happened to catch, secured in these tongs. I did not genourage him to catch them as sans facon as servants in India do—attracting the vernin's several eyes by removi

# HOME INTERESTS.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE. THE PROPER MIXTURE FOR GETTING THE BES

FLAVOR-METHOD OF MAKING FRENCH COFFEE

-HOT-HOUSE VEGETABLES MORE PLENTIFUL.

The prices in the coffee market do not change very materially throughout the year, Wholesale merchants sometimes succeed in producing a fluc tuation of a fraction of a cent, but such changes have little or no effect upon the retail trade. At present the best Java is selling for 35 cents per pound; Mocha, 38 cents; Coylon, 40 cents, and Rio, 30 cents. It is generally supposed by caffee of Java and Mocha in proportion of two-thirds Java to one-third Mocha. The Mocha is supposed to give a flavor and aroma, while the Java supplies the strength. The best coffee, however, is made from strength. The best coffee, however, is made from plantation Ceylon, the flavor of which cannot be surpassed by any coffee in market. The only objection possible is the fact that it takes a very much greatef quantity to secure a rich color in preparing French coffee, which is the only way coffee should ever be cooked. One method of remedying this fault is to mix with the dry coffee a very little licorice, and then filter the beiling water through the whole; say to a pint of ground coffee licorice the size of a small bean. Some of the recipes for aff au lait in our cook books are really anusing; for instance, when a wise authority tells the reader to put a spoonful of coffee into a pint of milk and boil it fifteen minutes. It would be hard to say what sort of a beverage would be the result of such a performance, but certainly it would never make the deficions coffee served in Paris, and for that matter throughout France, under the name of cafe au lait.

The French cook strains a pint or less of boiling water slowly through a pint of ground coffee. This is done by pouring on a little at a time, always being sure that the water is really boiling, and keeping the pot covered tightly while the process of filtering is going on. When finished the coffee will be very dark and bitter, a concentrated extract. The milk should never be allowed to remain on the fire after it has beined up once, but be served immediately in a separate vessel; to three-quarters of a cupful of boiled milk ald a quarter of the coffee, and sweeten to taste. Here you have the full virtue of the stimulant, and a wholesome, hourishing drink at the same time, which is more than can be said of the great bowlsful of colored water made palatable by the addition of a few spoonsful of eream or condensed milk, and drunk by thousands of Americans every moraning taroughout the country.

The processor plantation Ceylon, the flavor of which cannot be

country.

The poultry deglers are reduced to turkeys, which are now selling for 18 and 20 cents per pound; chickens at 20 and 22 cents; capons for 30 cents; and a few tame pigeons, selling for \$1 25 per

and a few tame pigeons, selling for \$1.25 per dozen.

In the fish market there is great plenty, and the prices are easy. Smel s are now selling for 12 cents per pound; i reen turtle, 15 cents; haddock, 6 cents; halbut, 15 cents; terrapins are from \$12 to \$28 per dozen; live cod, 10 cents, and good. In buying fresh cod the purchaser should bear in mind that the flesh, if the fish is fresh and good, must be white, stiff and firm, the gilts red, the eyes clear and fresh, and the whole fish firm and tarek. This iffirmness of flesh and clear eyes make a good test for any fish, as when fish becomes thibby it is a sure sign that it has been some time out of the water. Market cod as selling for 6 cents per pound, and cod steak—the commonest way of purchasing cod—is 10 cents per pound; refrigerated salmon has gone up to 25 cents per pound. There are no salmon front in Saturday's market. Lobsters are from 8 to 10 cents per pound; Fish dealers charge more for boiled lobsters than for live ones, but wise housekeepers prefer the latter, more as a matter of security against stale fish than for comony. Soft claus are all the way from 25 to 50 cents per houndred. Flounders are chang, and by no means as well appreciated as they should no; they are solling for 7 and 8 cents per pound. Pickerel is 12 cents per pound; black has, 18 cents; prawas, \$1 50 per gallon. The price of shall has not aftered since last Salurday; fine back shad is still selling for 25 cents, and a good-sized roc shad can be had for 40 cents. Perch are 20 cents per hound; perchated as the shadon of the shadous percent hothouse productions rearer homo become note plentiful. Spinach is 30 cents per peck; radishes, 2 and 3 cents per pound; pounding positions are hone, the soliton of the shadow of the shadous perce is not seen perce, increased to 50 cents; per peak; Bermuda onions, 60 cents, per hound; hower in selling for 25 to 50 cents per durat. Oranges and lemons remain at the old prices, humans are 30 to 50 cents; per deck; watered caniflewer in selling for

WAYS OF COOKING THEM. There are two ways of boiling polatoes-both are good. The first fashion is to put them into welllet them stay a moment or two to evaporate the moisture. The other way is to drop the potatoes into enough boiling water to cover them, and as moisture. The other way is to drop the potatoes into enough boiling water to cover them, and as soon as they are done pour off the water entirely and put back on the range to evaporate the moisture; put the cover on the kettle so that about a quarter of the month is left open to the air. When bedled in their skins a tiny piece should be cut from the end of each potato. They must bed from thirty to thrry-five minutes. Always select potatoes as nearly of a size as possible.

New potatoes with delicate skins should not be pared for boiling. Take a sharp, thin knife and scrape off the skins. In the country, new potatoes just brought in from the garden do not even need scraping; a few smart turns with a rough-textured cloth take off the fine skin in a twinkling. But the dwellers in towns don't get these ideal potatoes.

For perfect mashed potatoes, pare and boil them as above, and after every trace of the water has evaporated, mash them with your postle still in the kettle over the tire; they are maught if not kept hor. Get out every suggestion of a lump and as you mash put in a generous quantity of fresh butter, and, if you have it, some cream—if not cream, enough milk to make the polato rich and most. Salt it to taste, and serve fresh and hot piled up and smoothed over in a hot dish with a little black peaper sifted on top. Mashed potato which has stood on the stoye for a while before serving is poor stuff. If you wat the top brown hold over it a salamnater or a very hot stove lid—don't put the dish into the oven, that only makes the contents watery.

For potatoes "à la Neige," just press the mashed vegetable through a colgader into a lot dish, and serve hot.

Saratoga potatoes are prepared with a little cab-

serve hot.
Saratoga potatoes are prepared with a little cab-Saratoga potatoes are prepared with a little cab-bage cutter, which shaves off a large fair potato slices of fairy-like thinness. Pat the slices for a few minutes on ice or in cold water. Try your boiling hot lard with one slice to see if it colors properly; if all right, put in a few slices; when of a delicate yellow color, slich them out upon a tin plate with your perfor-ated tin ladle, sprinkle over them some fine salt and put them in your dish. They are as good cold as hot.

skim them out upon a tin plate with your perforated tin ladle, sprinkle over them some fine salt and put them in your dish. They are as good cold as hot.

Grilled potatoes are among the best of their kind. Take cold potatoes boiled the day before, cut them in two, trim off any unover surfaces, and lay the pieces on a clean, hot gridiren over clear coals. When they are nicely browned sprinkle them with a little salt, and spread delicately with fresh butter, or with the "green butter" heretefore mentioned in this column. Serve very hot. These are delicious with broiled or fried fish. Instead of broiling, these slees may be fried in nice butter.

A delichtful way of using up mashed potato left over is this: As soon as it comes off the table, and before it gets cold, pack it tightly into an oval dish which has been previously dipped in cold water. Next morning cut it in regular slices about a quarter of an inch thick and brown them quickly in fresh butter, previously made very hot in a shallow pan. Serve immediately. Petato thus prepared is specially nice with chops. Be sure that you get your shees on your hot dish without their breaking; their fair, large proportions must be preserved.

The best sort of potatoes to accompany beetsicak are the pommes de terre à la Macon. Take cold boiled potatoes and cut them up in small slices of paper thinness. Have some hot butter and cream or milk ready in a clean pan over the fire, Put the sliced potatoes into this, salt them delicately, and let them sty until the butter and milk have become absorbed, stirring them enough to assist this process, and prevent burning, but not enough to break the slices. If more milk is needed pour it in; the potatoes should be moist and rich, but there should be no sauce about them. Put them in a hot dish, dust them with a little black pepper, and serve quickly.

Another good fashion is potatoes dia Ruban. Take large peeled potatoes and cut them round and round in long shavings. Fry them in boilling lard, drain on a sleve and salt them. If prefe

elightly colored; then add a spoonful of minced paraley; serve hot.

For potatoes a la Paristenna, cut from peeled potatoes with a vegetable-outter as many little balls as the size of the vegetable will permit. Fry them about five minutes in boiling lard, being careful that they don't burn. Skim them out and drain, and sprinkle with sait.

These balls may also be stewed in milk, slightly diluted with water and thickened with a little flour. Season with butter, pepper and sait.

Old potatoes when not very good any other way may be thus stewed: Peel them and cut into quarters. Put over the fire in saited cold water, boil, and when almost done pour off the water, leaving a little. To this add a large tumbler of milk, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of minced paraley and a teaspoonful of flour mixed smoothly in cold milk. Simmer.

For croquettes mash your potatoes, season with butter, milk, sait, a dash of nutneg and a dash of cavenne pepper; add the beaten yolk of an egg. Beat thoroughly; and mould up into balls or oblongs; roll these in egg and fine cracker crum be and fry in boiling lard.

Remember that one of the chief charms of potatoes, bowever prepared, lies in their being served fresh and hot.

### HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

SALLY LUNN .- One pint flour, butter half the size of an egg, one teacup milk, one egg, two tablespoons

of an egg, one teacup milk, one egg, two tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt. Bake twenty minutes.

Chicken a la Creme.—Cut the chicken up, stew in a pan of water until done; then make a thickening of cream or rich milk and flour, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt. Have rendy baked a pair of shortcakes, made as for pie-crust, but rolled thin and cut in small squares. Lay the crusts on a dish and pour over them the chicken and gravy while all are hot. This is a delicious substitute for chicken pie.

RAGOUT OF BEEF.—One and a half pounds of beef, either round or neck; cut the meat in pieces two unches square, brown it in either butter or drippings enough to keep it from burning; add a table-spoonful of flour, and when the flour is brown the meat must be covered with boiling water; then season with pepper and sait. Let it cook slowly until tender. The water is to be replenished as it boils away.

until tender. The water is to be replenished as it boils away.

Baked Halibut, Creole Style,—Put a halibut steak weigning about a pound in the middle of a pan; sprinkle it with a piece of garlic the size of a pea, cut fine; then spread with tomalo enough to cover the fish; then cover with bread-crumbs. Add a little butter and salt; then garnish the dish with more tomatoes, and bake twenty minutes. Better to bake on dish to serve on.

To Restore Frosted Plants.—Frozen plants will often recover if taken to a room where the temperature is just above freezing and kept from the light, allowing them to thaw very gradually. The change to a very warm room would be injurious.

A USEFUL DOOR POCKET.—A description of the following indor and space saving invention comes to us from one of our readers who has found the article invaluable in her housek-eping. It proceeded originally from the fertile brain of Miss Catherine Beecher, who wrote so much to aid the women of the last generation in their household labors.

Material Boods

A breadth of new dark calico a yard and three-quarters long forms the back. In the first rew the packets are each six inches long and eight broad with the lower corners slightly rounded. These are so put on that each occurred one-lifth of the width of the calico. A continuous clastic runs through to the hear of the pockets from side to side. In the next row the pockets are each eight inches long by ten broad; in the third row the nockets are ten inches by ten. The fourth row has pockets twelve inches by fourteen, and the fifth and last two, fifteen by eighteen. Muslin written with indelble ink and sewed on to each pocket forms the labels, or letter paper may be used and the labels gummed on. When the pockets are done, line the top with strong muslin, as it must sustain considerable weight when the pockets are filled. Tack firmly to the door across the top, also between each row of pockets and across the buttom below the last row. The door of the sitting roam or kitchen closet may be utilized for this purpose.

# A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

Even to the youthful imaginations of the present generation of dancers, the "cotilion" is at times a trying ordeal, for, the intervals in their personal participation in the mazes of the so-called german being frequently of great length, conversational resources are at once subjected to the severest participation in the imazes of the so-cancular general man? being frequently of great length, conversational resources are at once subjected to the severest strain. He are amongst the wisest youths of the day, who at eighteen have reduced life to a science, there is an evident disinclination to select a particular partner and surrender themselves a willing victim to her terpsichorean propensities for a period of three or more weary hours. It is easier to adopt the device of a free lance, to remain on the outskirts of the dance and to take the chance of ones grace and agility being called into requisition by society in general, without the hore of entangling alliances. This reluctance and inability to make conversation belongs to the youths rather than to the maidens of the period, for a certain anxiety is often plainly visible on the faces of the latter, denoting a tacit acknowledgment on their part that the whole brant of social affairs rests on their shoulders. The business labits of the day and the invention of the telegraph and the telephone have doubtless something to do with the suppression of superfluous verbiage.

With a full recognition of the spirit of the times. aperfluous verbiage.
With a full recognition of the spirit of the times.

With a full recognition of the spirit of the times, and pessibly an apprehension that the stock of ideas on hand at the opening of the season had been too thoroughly exhausted by frequent dilution to be of further use, our sister city of Philadelphia hit upon the ingenious scheme of a pantomine party. Until supper time no one was allowed to speak. It was hoped that this enforced quiet, followed by inspiring draughts of champagne, might ur loose the tongues of the mate assembly when the canbargo of silence should be once removed. Communication with their fellow-beings was strictly haited to the language of divine harmony. The result of this novel invention seems to have been successful beyond expectation. Every one declared at the end of the entertainment that they had never passed so delightful an evening. At the announcement of supper a confused uproar of human voices rose high above the din of knife and fork. The lost art of conversation was vehomently reclaimed, and suppressed talk flowed freely and noisily, with the impetuous caprice of a mountain torrent. It was furthermore ascertained that as an economical procedure this system had its advantages. Amongst the feminine portion of the guests the avidity in resuming their gentle flow of words was so great as to preclude all desire to waste time in indulging in unnecessary refreshments, however tempting. To regain the use of the tongue was to them both meat and drink, and the most idelicious impressed and untopuched. The language of gesture and signs developed in this novel soirée is said to have been fremarkable and worthy of imitation.

# FOREIGNERS IN PERU.

I have heard a Peruvian say that there could be no well-being in his country till the Chinaman gained a decided ascendancy over its destinies. Though spoken in jest, the saying may prove to be true in sober carnest. Or there would be at least gained a decided ascendancy over its destinles. Though spoken in jest, the saying may prove to be true in sober carnest. Or there would be at least no reason why such a consumution might not be realized were not the Peruvian himself unwilling or unable to turn the resources of his country to good account, yet envying and disliking, not only the Chinese, but all those aliens, whatever may be their race or color, who, while seeking their own private interest, powerfully contribute to the development of the public prosperity. There are no such trust worthy statistics in this country as might tell us how many Italians, Germans, French and North-Americans are really living in Jaru. or even in Lima-

that without these strangers or their descendants nothing would be done in the way of business, any great national enterprise, and even in the army and navy.

The Italians, the most numerous "colony"street don the pulperis, or petty tradis those, at way seized on the pulperis, or petty tradis those, at way street corner, driving a petty trade that leads to huge gains. The French have most of the hotels and cafée; the Germans monopolize the banking business; the English take upon themselves all the engineering work; the Yankees have the fatter contracts, etc. The Peruyian is an hidalgo, like his Castillian forefather, who looks upon himself simply as born to rule. Politics is his calling; the State is his oyster, which he with aword—i.e., with intrigue and violence—will open. He has a Constitution, pays wages to Senators and Deputies, publishes a budget, and goes by fits and starts through the forms of an election, of a President's Message, and of an opening and closing of the Chambers. But of law, justice or public order and security, there is not the least shadow. "Point d'argent, point de justice" is the motto. The dastardly soldier who shot dead the well-meaning but utoptsic President Parlo at the entrance of the Senate House in November last year; the ruffians who on the previous Aprilkproke into the house and into the bedroon of Mr. Young, the head manager of the Lima-Callao-Chorilles Railway, wounding and almost murdering him and his wife, are, with a legion of other malefactors, in prison awaiting their trial.

### DEMOCRACY.

From The Speciator.

I hear the beat of its countless feet
And the wind of its ceaseless sigh:
Nothing great may live that does not give
To its force, as it rushes by.

But under its feet rich grows the wheat, And the dry rock pours out water. They say it is evil, or even the Devil. It is that,—or else God's daughter.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE STAGE DOOR.

Prom Tinsley's Magazine.

Stage-door homage often proves the bond of sympathy existing between actor and audience. What I mean will be best illustrated by the following incident. A friend of mine was once acting at Swansea. One night, whilst waiting at the wing, he was accosted by the doorkeeper, and told that some one was asking for him at the door.

"Who is it?" asked my friend.
"I don't know, sir," was the response.
"What is the person like?" questioned my friend.
"It's a boy," answered the hallkeeper.
"A boy," echeed my friend. "Ask him what he wants."
"He won't asy sir, and "Ask him what he

"It's a boy," answered the hallkeeper.

"A boy," ccheed my friend. "Ask him what he wants."

"He won't say, sir; and," added the man with a serious tone, "I din't like to send him away. He don't look well, sir."

"Very strange. Fve a long wait after this scene; let him stay till it's over, and Fil come and see what it's all about;" and my friend, taking up his cue, walked on the stage. When the scene was over, putting his greatcoat over his dress, he sought the hall, where he found, waiting within the shadow of the doorway, a poor, pale and weakly-looking lad in a sailor's garb.

"Do you want me?" asked my friend kindly, as soon as he had reached him.

"Yes, sir, please."

"Well, my boy, and what is it?"
The lad looked shy and confused, then said softly, "Pm very sorry, sir, but I wanted so much to see you"—here he broke down, and the tears trickled from his eyes.

"My poor lad, what is the matter? You don't seem well."

"No. sit, I'm not. I'm a stranger here. I've seen you play sailors in our town, sir; and as I'm a sailor, and have been shipwrecked—"

"Shipwrecked!" crued my friend. "There, don't be down-hearted, lad; I'll—" and my friend's hand instinctively sought his pocket. But the lad suddenly stopped the action with a touch of pride in his tone, as he said:

"No, sir, it wasn't that I wanted to see you for. They've done all that for me over yonder"—and he looked in the direction of the Sailor's Home—" but I wanted a kind word; and as I saw your name, I thought you'd give it, and you have "; then clutching my friend's hand in both his little ones, he murmured a broken "God bless you for it!" and was gone before my friend could stop him.

STRANGE DREAMS.

## STRANGE DREAMS.

Some years ago, it is related, a pedler was murdered in the north of Scotland, and the crime remsined for a long time a mystery. At length a man came forward, and declared that he had had a dream in which there was shown to him a house, and a voice directed him to a spot near the house where was buried the pack of the murdered man; and on search being made, the pack was actually found near the spot. At first it was thought that the dreamer was himself the murderer, but the man who had been accused confessed the crime, and said that the dreamer knew nothing about it. It turned out afterward that the murderer and the dreamer had been drinking together for several days a short time after the murder. It has been suggested, as a possible solution, that the murderer allowed statements to escape him whilst under, the influence of drink which had been recalled to the other in his dream, though he had not the slightest remembrance of them in his sober hours.

A gentleman dreamt his house was on fire; and the dream made so vivid an impression that he immediately returned, saw it on fire indeed, and was just in time to save one of his children from the flames.

A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had

flames.

A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servaut, and this dream was repeated so often that she repaired to the old

was repeated so often that she repaired so the onlight. About 3 o'clock in the morning the black servant was discovered going to his mistress' room, as he said, with coals to mend the fire—a sufficency and the servant was discovered going to his mistress' room, cally absurd excuse at such the fire—a sufficency and the saw fire—the more of commons by Bellingham, and distinctly recognized from prints, whom he had never seen previously, seems capable only of a supernatural explanation, especially when it is remembered that the gentleman was with difficulty dissuaded by his friends from going to London to warn Mr. Perceval (known to him in his dream as the Chancellor of the Exchequer). He urged that it had occurred three times in the same night, but his friends thunking it a fool's errand, he allowed the matter to drop till the news of the marty for visiting the Exhibition of 1862. A few days before leaving for London, he had a most vivid dream of the Tower, the armeria and crown jewels are kept Heard the old woman who showed the lark heard the sufficency had been sufficiently the country of the sufficiency of